

Under Pressure by AMKelley

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Summary: Patrick stood between Stan and salvation. He was leaning up against one of the stalls flicking his lighter on and off. Stan froze in place when he noticed the older boy loitering and holding the toilets hostage. There were perfectly fine urinals up against the wall but the last thing Stan wanted to do was pee in front of Patrick Hockstetter, or anyone else for that matter.

Under Pressure

Warning(s): *AU, PWP, sexual content, mildly dubious consent, underage, oral sex, watersports, urination, humiliation, size kink, fingering*

Stan was practically speed walking down the corridors of the school and every time he encountered a hall monitor he would promptly flash his hall pass before he could be stopped. Two weeks ago Stan had to go to the hospital from dehydration and ever since then he's been drinking water religiously, which ultimately meant he was going to the bathroom more frequently. It was his third pass of the day and, try as he might, Stan had attempted to hold it in until class was over, but he couldn't wait any longer.

His bladder was full and it caused him to clutch at his stomach when it cramped uncomfortably. The only solace Stan had was that he'd be relieving himself of this dull ache as he approached the door to the boy's bathroom. Stan pushed the door open, sighing as he finally staggered into sanctuary, and rounded the corner of the stalls only to find he wasn't alone.

Patrick Hockstetter stood between Stan and salvation. He was leaning up against one of the stalls flicking his lighter on and off. Stan froze in place when he noticed the older boy loitering and holding the toilets hostage. There were perfectly fine urinals up against the wall but the last thing Stan wanted to do was pee in front of Patrick Hockstetter, or anyone else for that matter.

Just then, Patrick gazed up towards Stan, grinning from ear to ear as he looked the boy up and down. Patrick clicked his lighter shut and pushed himself off of the stall divider. Stan backed up slightly when Patrick neared him, contemplating between whether he should cut his losses and run across the school to the other bathroom and hope Patrick doesn't chase him down or try to reason with the bigger boy.

In the end, Stan was too scared to move more than a foot even as Patrick got into his personal space. He was so petrified that his hall pass slipped out of his hand and floated down to the tile floor.

"What are you doing in here?" Stan eventually asked.

"Don't worry about it," Patrick deflected, tilting his head slightly as he crowded the smaller boy. "Whaddya want?"

"I need to use the toilet," Stan squeaked in a meek tone as his eyes darted between Patrick and the floor.

"Number one or number two?"

"That's none of your business," Stan said as his hands nervously went to his crotch as a countermeasure to hold in his pee.

Patrick noticed this and smirked.

"Oh," Patrick said knowingly. "So it is number one."

"Patrick *please*," Stan practically whined as he started to fidget in place.

"Why don't you just use the urinal?" Patrick questioned, gesturing to the porcelain receptacle.

"I don't feel comfortable going in front of someone else," Stan admitted, cupping his groin as he hopped up and down impatiently.

"Well why didn't you say so? I can help you with that," Patrick purred, stroking Stan's cheek with the back of his hand.

"I don't need help. I just need to go," Stan reiterated, trying to step around Patrick.

"You know what, come here," Patrick said, enclosing his hand around Stan's skinny bicep as he changed the subject.

"Why?" Stan questioned, getting the overwhelming sense that he was about to get beat up.

"I wanna show you something," Patrick told him.

"Well, what is it?"

"It's a surprise," Patrick said cryptically, smiling at Stan.

Patrick lead Stan over to the middle stall, the one he had been guarding, and kicked the door open with his booted foot. He pulled Stan along by his arm and dragged him into the stall with a gentle shove. Stan stood there for a moment, not sure what he was supposed to be seeing until he zeroed in on a message scrawled across the tile wall in bold, black marker. Stan had to squint and lean in a little to read what it said.

The message read: *Meet me in here a quarter half past two for a good time.* It was followed by a winky face with its tongue sticking out and an abstract bead of saliva dripping from it. Stan turned around and gawked at Patrick.

"What is that?" Stan asked, voice cracking.

"It's my business card," Patrick pointed out with a satisfied, toothy grin. "Whaddya think?"

"Is that real? Do people actually *show up*?" Stan found himself asking curiously before he could stop.

"*Oh yeah.* I get tons of people in here," Patrick stated, dropping his voice to a low murmur as he added, "Sometimes even teachers."

"No way," Stan dismissed in disbelief.

"You know, first time's always free," Patrick continued, taking a step forward as he caged Stan into the stall.

Stan's bladder gave a brief lurch as it knotted and he doubled over slightly. He didn't see himself getting out of this situation now and he had played right into Patrick's little trap, but it didn't stop him from pleading his case again.

"Patrick, *please.* I'm gonna burst," Stan whined, clutching at his stomach with a wince on his face.

"I'll be quick," Patrick reassured, pushing Stan down onto the toilet seat. "I'm guaranteed to please in ten minutes or less."

"I don't think I can hold it in that long," Stan whimpered as he let Patrick manhandle him. "And I have to get back to class."

"Well then, I guess I got my work cut out for me," Patrick boasted.

Stan stared dumbfoundedly at Patrick as the older boy dropped down to the dirty tiled floor and got onto his knees. Stan had his legs crossed, trying his hardest to keep himself from wetting his pants right here and now, but that tactic was thrown out the window when Patrick reached up to pull down the boy's pants and spread his thighs. The smaller boy let out a soft gasp when the urge to pee briefly receded to a dull ache.

"Well, well, well... Look at you," Patrick teased, taking in the sight of Stan's erection. "You're all ready to go for me, aren't you? Didn't even have to touch you."

The younger boy spared a glance down at his exposed groin, realizing for the first time that he had an erection. His bladder must have been causing pressure to build down there that it was actually starting to stimulate him. He didn't notice it before because his stomach was cramping so much, but now that Stan was aware, the need to relieve himself was replaced with another need entirely.

As an afterthought, Stan brought his hands down to cover himself out of decency, but Patrick swatted his hands out of the way. The porcelain toilet seat was cold and uncomfortable on his bottom, making him squirm slightly to keep his legs from falling asleep. The air in the bathroom wasn't any better on his exposed, aroused flesh either. The chill in the room was enough to make goosebumps prickle along his arms.

"This is cute," Patrick remarked with an amused chuckle as he grasped Stan's hard on. "I didn't know they came in pocket size."

He wanted to get defensive, say that he was still a growing boy, but Stan couldn't do much but stare at the older boy's hand enclosing around his whole erection. It seemed average compared to his own hand, but Patrick was bigger than him after all. His cock was practically nonexistent in Patrick's grasp. Stan's cheeks burned with embarrassment as Patrick continued to comment on his size. He was saying things like *this'll be easy* and *is it not fully hard yet*. All the while, Stan's stomach was tightening.

"It's not funny," Stan bemoaned impatiently.

"I mean, *kinda*," Patrick laughed, twisting his hand around the boy's shaft. He looked up at Stan and gave him a reassuring smile. "I like your small cock. It's *adorable*."

And with that, Patrick leaned forward and replaced his hand with his mouth instead, taking it all in one go. Stan watched, taken aback, as his erection disappeared inside Patrick's mouth. It fit snugly enough that it didn't even manage to make Patrick choke or cough. Then again, Patrick was used to this sort of stuff by now. It took little to no effort at this point and Stan was a lot smaller than what he was used to anyway.

The smaller boy's hands curled into fists at his sides as his body tried to differentiate between the full feeling in his bladder and the wet warmth enveloping his hard on. Patrick bobbed his head a few times and swirled his tongue all over Stan's small cock, drawing out the most beautiful groans he's heard in awhile. They were perpetually stuck somewhere between discomfort and pleasure, a sound Patrick has all but mastered at bringing out.

What the hell is going on? is all Stan's brain could supply at that moment. How had he let himself get into this situation? All Stan wanted was to use the toilet and get back to class and now here he was getting a blow job from Patrick Hockstetter in the boy's bathroom. He didn't know why he didn't just say no in the first place. Maybe he was afraid Patrick would hurt him. Perhaps his morbid curiosity was getting the better of him. Either way, there was no backing down now. Patrick had him trapped and Stan was too scared to move for fear that it would disturb his bladder.

Stan spread his legs a little when he felt Patrick lay his hands against his thighs. Patrick's head dipped all the way down and he gave a long, liberal suck, moaning around his mouthful (for lack of a better term). Stan's erection barely made to the back of Patrick's throat at his current size. If he really tried, Patrick could feel the tip brushing against his uvula, but he had to *really* push his head down into Stan's crotch.

Whenever he *did* do that, the pressure from the force of it had Stan

doubling over and keening in pain when Patrick pushed against his stomach. Stan's hands flew out and gripped Patrick's hair as if to warn him, but it just made the bigger boy chuckle low in his throat and pull off with a pathetic, little wet pop.

"It *hurts*," Stan whimpered, his undeveloped abdominal muscles flexing spastically as he tried to hold in his pee.

"Don't worry," Patrick cooed sympathetically, looking up into Stan's soft hazel eyes. "I got something that's gonna make you feel all better. All you gotta do is close your eyes."

"What are you gonna do?" Stan inquired nervously, squirming slightly when Patrick started to stroke his slick hard on.

"It's a surprise," Patrick said for the second time in the span of a few of minutes.

And Stan did as he was told. He tried to concentrate on the feel of Patrick's hand eclipsing his little cock, and it actually felt quite nice if Stan were being honest. Then again, considering his size, Stan figured it didn't take much for him. Just when he finally started to relax he was brought out of his musings when he felt something breaching his body. Stan called out shortly, eyes snapping open as his gaze shot down to process what just happened.

Surely enough, Patrick had a slick finger wedged between his cheeks. He would be more mortified if he wasn't already in shock from the initial invasion. Patrick's face contorted into a shark-like grin that sent a chill down Stan's spine. Patrick's tongue came out to swipe across his lips in a predatory fashion before he bent down again and started sucking on Stan's cock.

"*Patrick!*" Stan gasped, hips lurching as Patrick pushed his finger deeper inside him.

Patrick hooked his finger, stretching and feeling around until he heard that beautiful noise of confused ecstasy tumbling out of Stan's mouth. That's when Patrick brought out the big guns and kept his entire mouth enclosed around Stan's cock without moving in favor of flicking his tongue along the underside of it instead. He felt Stan's

muscles clench tightly around his long finger, causing Patrick to smirk around Stan's stiff little erection.

It wasn't going to be much longer until Stan was whining and spurting what pitiful quantity of come he could muster, but it didn't stop Patrick from being a little shit. Stan was too wrapped up in what was happening inside his body as Patrick rubbed a finger over his prostate, that he didn't even notice when Patrick snuck a hand up and pressed down on the spot between his stomach and groin.

Stan let out a strangled moan that was decidedly tortured sounding and spasmed uncontrollably. The mix between the suction of Patrick's mouth, the finger lodged in his channel, and the rampant urge to alleviate the pressure building up in his bladder ultimately made Stan come down Patrick's throat. His cock twitched and pulsed pathetically and Patrick stayed in place to swallow what little release had come out.

His entire body tensed up and cramped, toes curling within his shoes and knuckles turning white when he clenched his fists. Stan's stomach muscles seized up as Patrick continued to apply pressure and the last remaining shred of control he had suddenly slipped away out of his grasp. Patrick sat back, letting Stan's slowly softening member fall back against his abdomen, and let his hand slip away just in time to see Stan relieving himself in a final fit of release.

Stan let out a long, drawn out moan as he was finally able to do the one thing he set out to do. Patrick chortled delightfully as he watched Stan piss all over himself, his half hard cock giving a few small jerks as the stream was forced harder. It went on for a solid thirty seconds and, in no way did Stan even attempt to actually go in the toilet he was sitting on. He was too wound up and tense that the act of peeing on himself didn't bother him until after the fact when his body finally relaxed. It soaked the front of his shirt, making the light blue button up less opaque, and Stan gave a feeble cry.

"I told you I'd make you feel better," Patrick said, slipping his finger out of Stan's ass.

Stan winced, clearly distraught but relieved nonetheless. That is, until, he realized what just happened.

"I can't go back to class like this," Stan complained weakly as his shirt stuck to him uncomfortably.

The urine made his skin feel all itchy and the smell made his stomach churn with disgust. He felt absolutely *filthy* and all Patrick could do was grin maniacally and laugh at his expense. Stan's never felt more embarrassed in his life, but couldn't help but revel in the ecstasy of finally achieving his release. In more ways than one.

"Your problem, not mine," Patrick brushed off nonchalantly as he rose up from the floor and dusted himself off. "If you liked the free sampler you know where to find me."

Patrick walked over towards the mirrors and peered into them to straighten himself out. He turned the tap on and rinsed his face and hands off briskly, *freshening up* so to speak, and locked gazes with Stan's reflection in the mirror.

"Maybe, if you're lucky, I'll even let you fuck me with that tiny little pea shooter you call a dick," Patrick offered, sticking his ass out towards the younger boy and shaking it back and forth as if to tempt him.

The thought alone was enough to make Stan blush, but the jab taken at his shortcomings made his skin blister with embarrassment. There was a certain thrill Stan got from the cruel insults that he couldn't quite explain, but before he could even bother to articulate what it was Patrick was turning around and hauling Stan out of the stall. Stan stumbled, fumbling with his pants as he pulled them up and did up his fly, and let Patrick drag him over to the bathroom door.

"But until then, I'm gonna need you to clear out because I got *paying* customers to tend to," Patrick informed, ushering Stan out the door with a rough shove.

Before Stan could protest or try to push his way back into the bathroom, the bell had sounded throughout the school like the chiming of his own death knell. Patrick gave him a sly little wink and licked his lips before slinking back into the bathroom with a satisfied chuckle and leaving Stan to his fate. In a few short seconds the halls would be filled with children and Stan knew each and every one of

them would stop to point and laugh at his misfortune. And while that was bad in itself, it wasn't the worst part of the whole situation. No...

The fact that it excited him was.